

Dances, in honor of the party deceased, were celebrated each evening. The braves decked in glory, and the maidens given the privilege of selecting their best-liked partners for the dance. Let not any of the young ladies who chance to peruse this article for a moment indulge in imaginings of the maidens floating dreamily through the mazes of the fascinating waltz. Quite a different affair I assure you.

The day the food failed a grand "pole pulling" occurred. One of the elders was given the honor of removing the two centre poles and a lad was appointed to each of the outer poles.

The procession, headed by the old man and the boys, started from the place of revelry. A kind of solo and chorus was maintained by the elder and the lads, the old gentleman whooping and the boys replying all together. Around the poles a fantastic dance was executed; when beginning to weary, the elder whooped loudly and plucking his poles, the boys following suit, the mourning place was demolished. Again the procession started in the same order as before, the man and boys bearing the poles and "making music." At a suitable distance the poles were deposited and the rites were finished. The mourners were now at liberty to comb their locks and paint their faces.—I regret to record that washing was not considered "good form," quite "vulgar" don't you know? After the boys were exempt from the spartan rule of the uncle, baths were few and far between.—

The dead were ever present to the living, and each year a grand feast, preceded by days of mourning, was celebrated in their honor.

The tie of blood was never disregarded, and be the relatives ever so poor, the "highest" families received them with true cordiality. The aged were respected and revered, no "old governors" there.

The Choctaws have so long discarded their old customs, that to us of the present generation the regulations and beliefs read like myths. We find it difficult to realize that, comparatively speaking, but a few years have intervened between us and semi-barbarity. We are so proud of our civilization that we are trying to forget the customs of our forefathers. I, for one, solemnly protest against this spirit of our time, why should we let our old traditions be forgotten? I do not advocate returning to their practice, far from it, but let us at least be sensible and strive to save other remembrance of departed days for our "children's children."

The Romans were not ashamed of their barbaric origin, so why should we?—I am not writing a lecture, so perhaps I should cease.

Esile.

"The Fate of a Liar."

Under this title one of our daily newspapers contained the following:

"NASHVILLE, TENN.—In the Criminal Court to-day Harvey Weakly, on trial for murder, fell dead in the witness stand. When asked if he had killed the victim, Weakly said he hoped God would strike him dead if he had. Hardly had he spoken when he fell dead to the floor."

What shall we say of the above occurrence? Shall we stamp it at once as a sensational fabrication manufactured out of the whole cloth by some needy newspaper reporter? Shall we regard it as a "remarkable coincidence," or as a "wonderful interposition of God's Providence?" Or shall we, in plain language, call it a miracle? It occurred but yesterday, as it were. Its truth or its falsehood can easily be determined.

Had it occurred a hundred or more years ago, and been found recorded in some old and moth-eaten record, how the smile would rise upon the cheeks of non-Catholics and of "Liberal"